NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER
W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER PREDICTIONS—Cooler, with high, dangerous winds.

THE JOURNAL'S MOTTO:

WHILE OTHERS TALK, THE JOURNAL ACTS.

MENACING WORDS FROM SPAIN.

In a dispatch to the Journal from Madrid yesterday Frank Marshall White, our special correspondent, reported a most extraordinary and menacing determination reached by the Spanish Cabinet. Nothing in the general tone of Sagasta's response to the message of the United States delivered by Minister Woodford transcends the normal limits of international courtesy. It was necessary to the maintenance of Spanish dignity that the right of Spain to handle a rebellion in her own province without foreign intervention should be asserted. That, going beyond this, the Spanish Premier should have given official assurances to the United States Government that every effort has been made to end the war in Cuba is a distinct concession to American sentiment—a concession which amounts almost to an admission of the right of the United States to demand recognition as an interested nation.

But of the greatest importance is the exclusive news dispatched by Mr. White that the Spanish Cabinet has determined to strengthen its naval force in Cuban waters, and, if any more filibustering expeditions are organized in the United States, to search any American vessels on the high seas which the Spanish cruisers may consider suspicious. This action, actually taken, would mean war.

International law clearly defines the extent and the limitations of the right of search. It can be exercised only when an actual state of war exists. Spain has steadfastly refused to admit a legal condition of belligerency in Cuba, and has used every diplomatic device to prevent the United States from recognizing the Cubans as belligerents.

Should Spain decide it essential to the success of its campaign in Cuba that its cruisers should have the right to search suspected American vessels, it must first formally notify the United States Government that a state of war exists. This would necessarily be followed by the immediate recognition of the Cuban insurgents by this Government, and the issuance of a proclamation by the President warning all citizens to observe strict neutrality. Thereafter shipping contraband of war to Cuba would by the law of nations result in the forfeiture of the goods and the vessel carrying them, if detected by the Spaniards.

In brief, if the Spanish Cabinet has reached the determination reported, it has undertaken a course of conduct which can lead to only one of two conclusions—the recognition of Cuban belligerency by the United States or a swift and certain declaration of war. Either result would be the immediate precursor of Cuban liberty.

SOME FEATURES OF THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

If you don't get the Journal you don't get the news, and there were thousands of people in New York yesterday who, wanting the Journal, were unable to get it because they applied after the last copy had been sold.

As a newspaper and as a magazine yesterday's Journal was unapproachable. Besides the important news of the world, it has as special news features:

The account of the reception of Senorita Cisneros by President McKinley.
The interview by Alfred Henry Lewis with Judge Van Wyck.
Luetgert's own story of the effort to convict him of the murder of his wife.
Exclusive news from Madrid of Spain's threat to search American ships.

Thus much for great news features. In the domain of special matter, that entertaining review of the topics engaging the attention of the people day by day done by eminent writers, the Sunday Journal was conspicuous. These are a few of the special Sunday features:

Katie Clum's own story, and the demand of Hallie Erminie Rives that the negro abductor be lynched.
Karl Decker's account of the rescue of Evangelina Cisneros.
Winifred Black's study of Mildred Brewster, the jilted girl who slew her rival.
The true story of Bettina Girard's career.
The curious history of a New York Shylock.
Edgar Saltus's study of love and madness.
The discovery of a new psalm of David.
Memorabilia of Charles A. Dana.

Though but a partial list of topics in the great Sunday Journal, this enumeration shows how wide and catholic taste is exerted in the selection of its contents.

Yet great as the Journal was yesterday, it will be equally great next Sunday, and the readers who tried but failed to get it yesterday will have themselves to blame a week hence if they do not order at once.

THE LYNCHING FEVER.

The tragedy by which the life of little Katie Clum was ruined has revived discussion of the question whether lynching is ever justifiable. Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, the sister of Amelie Rives, exclaims passionately that it is, and the pitiful story of Katie Clum, related by the child herself in yesterday's Journal, makes her feeling easily comprehensible. But to one who considers the facts of this case with such coolness as is possible to human nature in the circumstances, it seems evident that what it really teaches is not the necessity of lynching, but the need for better legal protection for the isolated dwellers in rural regions. Lynching is hardly ever known or suggested in great cities, and why? Because the inhabitants of such cities do not consider themselves or their families in danger from the crimes for which men are lynched. Great cities have efficient police forces, and people who attend quietly to their own affairs are reasonably safe. In the country, while the law has some strength for purposes of retribution, it has practically none for prevention. Such a crime as that of the Mondores could not have been carried through to the end if there had been an efficient rural constabulary patrolling the country. A State police, a reformed judicial procedure insuring prompt conviction of criminals, and a stiffening of the backbones of Governors in the presence of applications for pardons would end the lynching craze.

THE JNION PACIFIC INFAMY.

There are three courses which President McKinley may follow with reference to the disposition of the Union Pacific.

He may order the postponement of the sale. In that event some of the leading financiers of the country stand pledged to make up an amount sufficient to secure to the Government every dollar that is due it.

He may allow the sale to proceed, and direct the Secretary of the Treasury, by virtue of the powers vested in him by law, to bid in the road in the absence of a bid equal to the full amount of the debt. In that event either the Government will get all that is coming to it, or it will own a railroad whose control in the public interest will be worth more to the people than twice the money invested in it.

He may allow the sale to go on and accept any bid that may be offered. In that event he will make a clear gift of $20,000,000 of the people's money to the Reorganization Committee, in defiance of the spirit if not the letter of the law, of the repeatedly expressed will of Congress and of the almost unanimous desire of the nation.

We cannot believe that the President will be guilty of that infamy. Whatever may have been thought of Mr. McKinley's policies and associations, nobody has ever accused him of active partnership in an absolute, unmistakable crime. Even Grover Cleveland had the merit of surrendering to public opinion when the heinous nature of the bond deal was made known. Mr. McKinley has not the perversely stubborn disposition of Mr. Cleveland, and it seems impossible for him to insist upon perpetrating an outrage compared to which the varied offences of the late Administration sink into insignificance.

JUDGE VAN WYCK'S POLICY.

The opponents of the Democracy have been tortured by a nightmare of apprehension of the riot of corruption and spoils that they say is to follow the election of the Democratic ticket. They cite various camp followers of the organization as authority for the assertion that Judge Van Wyck proposes to make a clean sweep of everything the present administration has accomplished in the direction of good government.

But why draw labored inferences from the irresponsible talk of camp followers when the truth can be obtained from headquarters? Judge Van Wyck is the candidate—why not find out his policy from himself? That is what the Journal did yesterday, and the result is enlightening. In a statement full of good sense and dignity Judge Van Wyck shows that it is his intention to give the city an administration at once safe and progressive. He is heartily in sympathy with the demands of the Democratic platform for more schools, dollar gas, the municipal ownership of franchises and other measures of social amelioration. He is especially determined to promote the interests of the growing army of wheelmen by an enlightened highway policy. And he does not, as his imaginative opponents assert, intend to restore the regime of filthy streets. Concerning the report that he intends to remove Colonel Waring from the head of the Department of Street Cleaning, he says:

> There is no such move in contemplation; no such plan has been proposed or discussed. It is in no man's mind. I've never heard of it. Such a story is nothing but the merest invention of idleness and a taste to meddle.

The public will not take it ill that Judge Van Wyck prefers to perform his judicial duties rather than to spend his time working for himself on the stump, if he makes such clear and satisfactory announcements of his policy through the press.

CROKER ON HIMSELF.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has performed two remarkable feats. He has made two silent men fluent of speech. Following yesterday's interview with Judge Van Wyck, Mr. Richard Croker speaks through Mr. Lewis in to-day's Journal. This is the first time Mr. Croker has expressed his views at such length, and the exposition is of interest to all, whether friends or enemies, who appreciate the forces that must be reckoned with in politics. Mr. Croker, it will be seen, puts agitated London at rest by denying that either he or the Prince of Wales has ever made advances for the honor of the other's acquaintance.

MARKING THIS YEAR'S BALLOT.

The intelligent voter will find no difficulty this year in marking the official ballot in such a way as exactly to express his choice at the election.

In the case of the regular party tickets, which will occupy the first two columns on the ballot, he will only have to put the cross mark in the circle under the emblem of his party. Nothing could possibly be simpler or easier, and no Democrat will have occasion to go out of the column headed by the Star.

But every citizen should exercise his free choice. That is of the essence of the right of suffrage. In this city the Ship ticket of the National Democracy, which will occupy the third column, will contain the Citizens' Union candidates for municipal offices and the Democratic candidates for judicial and county offices. That is a simple mixture which can also be voted by a single cross mark in the circle. In Brooklyn this ticket will not contain the Democratic candidates for Judges and county officers, but independent nominees of the so-called National Democracy.

Neither the straight Low or Citizens' Union, nor the Henry George or "Democracy of Thomas Jefferson" ticket, in the column headed independent nominations, will contain any candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, but all that any one who desires to vote either of those tickets will have to do is to put his cross mark in the circle over it and put a similar mark before the name of the candidate he prefers in another column. It will be safe to put the mark before the name of Alton B. Parker under the Star as the best candidate for an office that is strictly judicial and not political.

Though the election law directs the elector who desires to vote a "split ticket" to make no cross mark in the circle above any party name, but to place it before the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote, on whatever ticket it may be, it also declares that if the mark is placed in the circle above one ticket and before the names of certain candidates on others the vote shall be counted according to the intent of the voter—that is, for all the candidates on the ticket marked as a whole except those for offices separately marked on other tickets, and as to such offices for the candidates so marked separately.

Thus it will be a perfectly easy matter for voters of the Low and George independent tickets to add a vote for Judge of the Court of Appeals in another column.

THE ACCIDENT AT GARRISON'S.

The horrible railway accident on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad near Garrison's, the early particulars of which were given to New Yorkers in an extra edition of the Evening Journal yesterday, is shocking to every humane mind, and terrifying to a community which had come to think that in the Eastern States at least perfect roadbeds, mechanical signalling devices, and the most constant watchfulness on the part of railway officials and employes had practically ended the day of fatal railway disasters.

That a train on so old and well equipped a road as this could be thrown bodily into the river, and its passengers hurried into a horrible death, destroys this sense of security. On the newer lines of the West, where light rails, unballasted roadbeds, grade crossings and an absolute lack of the block system are the rule, an accident such as this would excite compassion, but not wonder. But the traveller has a right to expect that between New York and Albany he can journey as safely as between the Battery and Harlem.

Various conjectures as to the cause of the accident are offered. None relieves the corporation of its grave responsibility. Spread rails, a roadbed undermined by the river, a slipping boulder from the side of the right of way are conditions which should not exist on a thoroughly prudently conducted railroad. The people of New York, who have magnificently supported this road, have a right to expect of it security which shall be absolute within the limits of human power.

An Italian nobleman who married a Boston girl has been swindled out of his dot by his practical mother-in-law. The man was evidently not acquainted with the before-and-after-taking feature of the mother-in-law.

Commissioner of Patents Butterworth should hurry off to his own office with that notion that grave national issues are involved in the municipal campaign in this city. It is novel enough to be patented.

It took Spain some time to make up her mind that Weyler is a man who is not to be trusted, but when she finally arrived at that conclusion there was no backwardness in emphasizing it.

The prospects for another trial of the Luetgert case are by no means promising. Chicago about exhausted her visible supply of ignorance in constructing the jury for the first trial.

The English race track as a health resort is a proposition the medical world has not given sufficient investigation. As a medical discovery it is entitled to consideration.

THE NATION AND THE FIGHT IN NEW YORK.

A Workman Against Socialism.

A reporter asked a New York workingman why he would not vote for George for Mayor. The workingman replied that he liked George personally, and believed he was an honest man, but he could not indorse the platform on which he is running—it is too socialistic and inequitable.

Socialism is seductive to many philosophers who dream of an earthly Utopia; but socialism is only another name for a system of government under which equal privileges are provided for the masses by an unequal assessment upon the few for the cost of maintaining them.—Detroit Journal.

Has New York No Self-Respect?

When the Secretary of the Interior steps into the canvass as an advocate of the candidate of the machine Republicans for Mayor of New York it is time for self-respecting men to awake to the perils of the situation. It is a threat to local self-government as well as to the dignity of citizenship.—Boston Post.

McKinley's Runaway Team.

The President shows sensitiveness over the charge that he is meddling in the New York City campaign, which does him some credit. But he cannot be a truly great President until he proves that he can control his Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Patents. They have plunged his Administration headlong into the Platt campaign, and not even the President himself can now undo the bad work.—Springfield Republican.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Drowning Out the Streets.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Knowing your fearless paper is the only one capable of properly remedying the evil, I beg leave to call your attention to the disgraceful methods of street sprinkling, or, more properly termed, flooding, at present in vogue in this town. Every citizen in this metropolis, whether pedestrian, driver or cyclist, is inconvenienced by the frequent inundations to which our thoroughfares are subjected; and it is time a halt was ordered.

As an instance: That part of Fifth avenue which has recently been asphalted was covered yesterday from curb to curb its entire surface with a coating of slime about a quarter of an inch in depth, and despite its fearful state the sprinkling kept merrily on! Those who had occasion to cross the avenue were mud-bespattered from head to foot, vehicles were liberally dotted with mud the consistency of paste and just about as tenacious, while cyclists were practically debarred from using the street at all unless at an imminent risk of life or limb. If the asphalt was laid as an improvement, pray how, where or what does it improve amid such circumstances? Fifth avenue is only one thoroughfare of many which are likewise treated. In all sections of the city the same conditions may be found. Seventh and Lenox avenues, in the upper part of the city, and Lower First, Second and Eighth avenues are at nearly all times covered with a slimy substance, the result of the outlandish street sprinkling, which renders them not only disagreeable, but actually dangerous to man and beast. Central Park is also the stamping ground of sprinkling carts, and the furrows and ruts at frequent intervals offer silent evidence of the ultimate damage of constant saturation.

New Yorkers are a meek people or they would not tolerate such a state of affairs without at least an effort to have a change brought about. Let us hope the Journal will take the initiative. The end of street sprinkling, as it now is, will then be in sight.

New York, Oct. 22. CITIZEN.

Mr. Stuyve Fish Makes a Record.

STUYVESANT FISH, Esq., has made a record. It's a good record, too, and very much to his credit.

Some other people in the Four Hundred have records, but they are not nearly so creditable as Mr. Stuyve Fish's.

Mr. Fish has been in California recently and the exploit that demands this notice was a trip from San Francisco to the Yosemite in twenty-four hours. The journey was never before made in such brief time.

A special train from San Francisco to Oakdale, thence to Chinese Camp, the terminus of the new Sierra railroad constructed by Prince Poniatowski and his syndicate of foreign capitalists; thence by three relays of stages to the Yosemite.

Californians appear to regard this as a considerable exploit, and I am sure that New Yorkers are willing to accept the judgment of the Westerners in the matter.

If a certain member of the Fish family who is very fast in another sense would only emulate the example of his Uncle Stuyve and confine his rapidity to railroad and stage travel the all-night district of upper Broadway would feel a sense of relief.

The long inflated Belmont boom for Mayor of Newport was burst Saturday night when the Democratic convention placed in nomination for the office a certain Mr. P. J. Boyle, who is not so aristocratic as Mr. Belmont, but who will probably be equal to the management of Bailey's beach and other similar intricate problems of municipal government that are now agitating both the Summer and Winter residents of the City-by-the-Sea.

It is a matter of doubt to me that Oliver Belmont ever considered the Mayoralty of Newport seriously.

But his friends were bent on clothing him with the dignity and importance of the candidacy, if not of the office, and so it came about that there was a lot of talk, in which Oliver himself took the least part.

Personally I am inclined to the opinion that Oliver would find a horseless carriage very much more to his taste than any Mayor's chair.

Meantime he is engaged in a matter that awakens his interest in a higher degree.

He is arranging to place a window in Trinity Church, Newport, as a memorial to his mother, the late Mrs. August Belmont.

Nothing could be more appropriate or more gratifying to the citizens of Newport.

Mrs. August Belmont, Sr., was the acknowledged social leader of her day, and the high esteem in which she was held in Newport, where she spent so many seasons, makes it especially gratifying to Newporters that a memorial to her is to be placed in the church where she worshipped so long.

The window will be on the south side of the church, and will be of beautiful design and fine workmanship.

Miss Aline Van Orden, who is to marry Mr. Charles G. Trumbull on Nov. 18, is a descendant, on her mother's side, of old Jonathan Randell, who was the Captain of Queen Anne's Rangers, a military organization in colonial days, and who received as a reward for his services to the Crown the island in the East River that now belongs to the city and that still bears the name of Randell.

The original Jonathan Randell had four sons, whose grandchildren and great-grandchildren so permeate New York society that the wedding of Miss Van Orden becomes a matter of considerable interest through mere consanguinity.

Willie K. Vanderbilt is down at Oakdale, his country seat, on Long Island, where the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough spent their honeymoon.

Willie K. looks remarkably well, as he always does. I've never seen him when he didn't look well. His natural neatness, taste and modesty are as much marked in his dress as in his manners, and the combination is irresistibly attractive.

The dignity of grandpapa sits well upon him. I am sure that at the christening of Consuelo's baby, the little Marquis of Blandford, no one bore himself better than Willie K., and I wont except even H. R. H. Tum-Tum, who has been a grandfather so often that the novelty of the thing wore off long ago.

It is not likely that Willie K. will remain very long at Oakdale.

He is of a rather restless disposition, and above all else dislikes gossip, or to be made the subject of gossip.

The Long Island set are the greatest gossips of the whole social fabric, and with Willie K. at Oakdale and his former wife at Hempstead the incentive to whispered discussion would be absolutely irresistible.

If the gentleman who writes to me from Providence for a detailed description of the great puppet show of Dr. Holbrook Curtis will only write to Dr. Curtis I am sure that that most affable of medical chappies will give him the information he seeks.

Dr. Curtis is a philanthropist as well as a physician. He believes in laughter quite as much as he does in throat spraying, and for these reasons I am sure that he will not deny the society of Providence the boon of an entertainment modelled on the lines of his own inimitable puppet show.

Newport has found another matter of extreme importance to talk about.

Work is now progressing on a fence that is to partially surround Cornelius Vanderbilt's place, The Breakers. It is to be fourteen feet high, and it is thought that the only member that can look over it without exertion is Mrs. Ogden Mills.

The amateur flower show, to be held in the new Astoria Hotel, is likely to be one of the most interesting floral exhibits, so far as society is concerned, that New York has ever had.

Not only are all the "howling swells" to take part as patronesses, but many of them will be exhibitors as well. A contemporary that prides itself on its familiarity with social matters enthuses as follows:

"The patronesses are striving to make this, the first society flower show, as attractive and exclusive as the old Patriarch balls used to be."

Could there be higher praise or greater promise than this?

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Seven Smiles and a Few Fibs.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN, who is known as one of the best of the Western writers, though his home for years has been New York, has gathered some of his sketches from the files of magazines and newspapers, garnished them with half a dozen new stories and issued the whole in a volume under the title "Seven Smiles and a Few Fibs."

Of course the little book is charming; the author of "Judge Day's Case" could not write otherwise than delightfully. Mr. Vivian has been content to take his material principally from the familiar life of American cities. His people are most of them decently dressed folks, and there are only two short dialect stories in the book.

The "Seven Smiles" are very knowing grimaces, and had they been laid in Paris, with De Maupassant's name attached, they would certainly be classics now. About the only fault to be found with the book is that some of the tales are well known by extensive copying at the time they were issued without signature. It is a surprise, for instance, to find an old anonymous friend like "The Brainless Man"—it is "Down to the Medulla" in the collection—between the covers of Mr. Vivian's book.

After all, though, if these stories had not been so good they would not have been copied so extensively.

It will be on the Seven Smiles that the discussion of the book will turn. Some will doubtless read them for the Frenchliness of the incidents, others will not read them for the same reason, but they will be popular if for nothing more than the clever cynicism that leads up to the smile of the principal character in each at somebody's discomfiture.

The story telling is sprightly, the local color delicately laid on. Here is the conclusion of the first of the Smiles: The scene is at a French restaurant in San Francisco, where Mr. Phipps and Sallie Crumpet have been dining. The man has bet her a box of gloves that he knows the author of a tremendous laugh from the next room to be a bank president who passes the plate in church. The man, chuckling at the notion of the respectable deacon being in such a place, disguises himself as the waiter and carries some champagne into the next room.

> Alphonse came shuffling into the room with his most woodeny expression on duty.
> "Oui, madame!"
> "Well," said Sallie with a very forced quiet; "where is Mr. Phipps?"
> "He has gone home, madame."
> "Gone—home?"
> "Oui, madame. He—a found a friend in the next room."
> "Yes, I know—Mr. Catlin."
> "No, madame, it was nort M'sieu Catling."
> "Who, then, was the friend?"
> "It was the lady."
> "The lady?" cried Sallie with a flush of real color on her cheeks.
> "Oui, madame. Cannot madame guess who it was?"
> Sallie brought her eyebrows together a moment and then threw up her head with an almost hysterical tee hee.
> "Not his wife?" she nearly shrieked.
> AND THE WAITER SMILED

There is better work in these stories than this. The description of the waiter is a very close bit of writing. It is too long for reproduction here, but never was the imperturbable servitor of a place where strange and untoward happenings were the rule more deftly pictured.

The last of the smiles, the smile of the Chinese maiden, is a delightful one, and there is more of the Chinese character revealed in it than in all the Celestial dramas that have taken so well in the theatres recently. This is the story of young Mr. Leonard, of Boston, who, casting ardent glances on a girl in Chinatown, is seized by some of the denizens and placed beside her. This extract will give an idea of the story:

> "You wan' buy lil gel?" inquired the monster, working the revolver around until its muzzle looked like a revolving disk in an experiment in hypnotism.
> "Good gracious, no!" young Mr. Leonard was understood to stammer.
> "Wha' for, then, you tly mashee, heh?"
> "Good gracious!" stammered the youth again, and then stuck, feeling very much as if he would like to cry.
> "Lookee heah, you dam fellah," said the Chinaman, throwing open his mouth as if he was going to swallow his victim; "me Quong Ah Wok, baddest highbinder in San Francisco. Sixteen man-boy like you"—ticking them off on his fingers with the pistol barrel—"I kill already this week. Now I kill you, too, 'less you buy this lil gel or give hund'ed dollah."
> "I haven't got so much money with me," moaned young Mr. Leonard.
> "How much you got?"
> "Only about fifty-three dollars and some odd cents, dont-cher-know," chattered the victim behind the red silk handkerchief.
> "Lemme have all you got—dam quick," said the terrible Ah Wok, playfully poking the revolver in his victim's vest pocket.
> Young Mr. Leonard lost no time in handing over his coin and bills, though the operation left his purse as limp as his legs.
> "Now then," said Ah Wok, with a combined movement of the head, body and arms that made him look like a gigantic crane about to take flight, "now then, young fellah, you skippee way fi-fi; and, lookee heah, you no say no word any one, or I come—we all come—kill you in your lil bed."

Of the other stories the best are those of the mystic, weird order. The protoplasmic misadventure of Hans Jorgensen is eerie enough to suit the most abandoned lover of the mysterious, though "Down to the Medulla" surpasses it in creepiness.

"If Thine Enemy Thirst," a convict's tale, is terrific in the extreme in its climax, and a description of an attack of the delirium tremens is another grewsome one.

Taken as a whole, the little volume is a remarkable book, unique and unconventional, the future of which may be anything in the possibilities of a book's fate. The illustrations include a frontispiece by Homer Davenport and pictures by De Lipman, Archie Gunn, Campbell Corey and Ray Brown.

It is published by F. Tennyson Neely.

AREA.

"Let me," urged the merchant, "sell you a cyclometer. It will tell you just how much ground you have covered."

The man with the slender legs took the cyclometer in his hands, gazed upon it earnestly for a moment, and then smiled bravely through his bicycle face.

"Have you none that registers in acres?" he asked, with a palpable effort to be bright.—Detroit Journal.

In Due Time.

[Detroit Tribune.]

In time gentlemen who discover facts at variance with the various views of orthodoxy may learn to keep still about them.

Spain Shows Marked Progress.

MADRID, Oct. 10.—It is somewhat the fashion outside of this country to sneer at her pretensions to modern civilization, and yet the foreigner has only to study her telegraph and post office system in order to realize how far the Spain of Alfonso XIII, is in advance of the Spain of Visigoths, for instance. It is possible by using the Spanish post office system to communicate with persons outside of Spain each day of the week, while by employing the telegraph one may be almost sure of reaching some points of destination in France and even England in twenty-four hours. A railway train, drawn by a steam locomotive, leaves Madrid for Paris and the rest of the outside world, having a special car for the accommodation of mail matter, every evening at 8 o'clock; and if by any chance one is slow in getting to the post office at 7 he may mail his letter with the confident assurance that it will be taken away twenty-four hours later and delivered in Paris, which is almost as far away as Buffalo is from New York, the morning of the second day after it leaves Madrid—barring accidents, of course.

* * *

The directors of the post office and telegraph system have, it would seem, left nothing undone for the convenience of the public in the matter of expediting letters and telegrams, or for the expediency of the service. The business of the post office is conducted on the principle that the manufacture and sale of the stamps used in the transmission of mail matter is entirely apart from the business of transportation, and in order that the employes of the latter branch may not be distracted from the sorting and dispatching of mail, postage stamps are not sold in the post offices of Spain. However, with the convenience of the public ever in mind, the directors of the Madrid post office have been at great pains to see that stamps are on sale at a tobacconist's shop almost across the street from the main building, in the Calle de Carretas. The advantages derived from this plan by business men and others, who are thus enabled to purchase stamps in the same street as that in which the post office is located, can scarcely be overestimated. When the citizen arrives at the Madrid post office with his letter, all that is essential to its dispatch is that he dodge in, hop over, skip under, jump between, crawl through and scramble across one or two street cars, three or four trains of donkeys, five or six drays, seven or eight six-mule army ambulances and nine or ten cabs—for the Calle de Carretas, the "street of carts," lives up to its name—then buy his stamp, stick it on and get back to the post office again by the same process, where he will find a hole in the wall arranged by the same careful authorities, in which he can drop his letter with the assurance that, if nothing untoward happens, it will eventually reach its destination.

* * *

In the telegraphic branch of the service even greater thought is manifested for the welfare of the people. It is a fact attested by numerous historical incidents, that telegrams are often sent in haste and reported at leisure; and that there have been frequent occasions when, if the sender had considered matters more carefully, he would not have sent his message at all and have thus averted a business, social, moral or other catastrophe. In order to prevent as far as possible the sending of hastily written telegrams, it is so ordered in Spain that the sender pays for his dispatch in postage stamps, and that said stamps may not be converted into other uses after being received in payment, they must be stuck to the paper on which the telegram is written. To this end the telegraph department of Spain has thoughtfully established offices for the sale of stamps contiguous to, and often in the buildings where telegrams are received. At the head office in Madrid, for instance, the stamp office is located in the outer lobby of the same building. The process is to write your telegram and take it to a receiver sitting in a dim light behind a desk, who counts the words very carefully several times and then makes an elaborate calculation as to the number of pesetas and centimos necessary to secure its transmission, and verifies it by a geometrical formula so abstruse that he generally forgets it after each message, and has to learn it over again from the book while you wait. When the receiving clerk finally obtains confidence in the correctness of his figures he carefully inscribes the amount to be paid in its proper place on the message form, and you go out in the lobby and negotiate with the stamp clerk, who, if he be in benevolent mood, will stick them on for you. Then you come back to the desk of the receiving clerk, where a line has now formed, and await your turn for handing in your dispatch. With good luck you may count on getting it into the hands of the operator in from eight to twelve hours from the time it is written.

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Other indications of progress in Madrid are found in the large hotels, some of which are as many as four stories high, with accommodations often for nearly a hundred guests. In one or two of these hotels there have been arranged small boxes, controlled by machinery, that move up and down between the floors, for the transportation of invalids and other persons of luxurious habits to whom time is no consideration. Some of these boxes have accommodations for two and even three people. The guest who has time to use this ingenious contrivance is introduced into it, sidewayk, by an aperture in the lower corridor of the hotel, covered by a sliding door. A porter then sets an instrument inside designed to arrest the progress of the box near the floor at which the occupant desires to alight; the sliding door is closed and locked on the outside, and the entire machine moves upward at about the same rate of speed as a leisurely glacier. The motion is not unpleasant when one becomes accustomed to it, being very much like that experienced riding a lame camel on the elevated railroad track, though less regular. It is entirely within the confines of possibility by entering this box after an early dinner to arrive at one's floor in time for a full night's rest. In some of the large hotels of Madrid, also, a room is set apart on one of the floors exclusively for a bath tub, in one or two of which there are faucets for the supply of both hot and cold water. These tubs are found to be very useful for the accommodation of flower pots and diseased mattresses, when there are no soiled foreigners in the hotels. I tried to make a hotelkeeper in San Sebastian believe that in America, England and even France there were private bath rooms attached to bedrooms in many hotels, but he thrust his tongue into his cheek, winked at me with great facetiousness and refused to be imposed upon.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

THE SMALL BOY KNEW.

In one of the public schools an inspector was examining a class. His subject was on animals. The inspector thought for a moment, and then asked the class:

"What appearance has the zebra?"

Nobody seemed to understand the question, so he made it more plain by saying: "What is a zebra?"

To this question an answer was soon obtained, for a small boy called out: "A donkey with a football jersey on."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Recent Union.

[Detroit News.]

Just what Spain and Portugal can gain by uniting their deficits it's hard to conjecture.